

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 11. NO. 48.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1894.

TERMS—\$5.00 IN ADVANCE

Overshoes for you all at Beers: \*  
Ed. Johnson is logging his home-  
stead.

Fine weather has been the rule for  
a week past.

John Hess, of Duluth, is in Rhine-  
lander for a few days.

The South Side school opened Mon-  
day with a good attendance.

Miss Amos, a former teacher in our  
schools, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E.  
M. Kemp.

Mrs. Geo. Sackett, of Phillips, is the  
guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Hunt,  
in this city.

The Reviving Society had a pleasant  
party in the Grand Opera House last  
Saturday evening.

Riley Horr was at Eagle River Tues-  
day as a witness in a case before  
circuit court there.

Geo. P. Miller, of the Miller Lumber  
Co., Madison, was in the city yester-  
day looking for stock.

Miss Hattie Lord is teaching in the  
High School building, in place of  
Miss Bray, who resigned.

Logging on Archie Steiwright's  
homestead began last week. Gene  
Estes has charge of the work.

B. F. Edwards returned from Chi-  
cago Sunday morning, where he had  
been for a week visiting his relatives.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs.  
W. E. Brown has been dangerously  
sick for some days past, but is now  
better.

The old rumor of a branch line of  
the Chicago & Northwestern road  
from Pratt Junction to Tomahawk  
is again talked of.

Clark & Lennon can supply you  
with hard and soft stove coal, black-  
smith coal or any other kind of coal.  
Call on them when you want any.

F. A. Hammond has opened a bar-  
ber shop in the little building south  
of the New North office, and invites  
his many friends to call and see him.

A concatenation of the order of  
Hoo-Hoos will be held at Oshkosh  
on the afternoon and evening of Jan-  
uary 16th. A number of kittens from  
here will doubtless attend.

Early Risers, Early Risers, Early  
Risers the famous little pills for con-  
stipation, sick headache, dyspepsia  
and nervousness. Sold by J. J. Reardon  
& Co.

M. N. Bingham returned last Fri-  
day morning to resume his school  
duties. He and his brother, W. G.,  
who returned a few days prior, enjoy-  
ed a pleasant visit during the holi-  
days with their sister at St. Cloud,  
Minn.

Don't forget that Axel Lindgren,  
the tailor, can clean, repair or dye  
your old clothes so that you yourself  
won't recognize them. Good work  
and prompt time is his motto. If  
you need anything in his line call on  
him, over Crusoe's store.

Hon. Willis Silverthorn, of Wausau,  
is spoken of for the nomination for  
Governor by the Democrats this year.  
Mr. Silverthorn has the ability, the  
integrity and all other qualifications  
for a Governor, but we hardly think  
he cares to accept a Democratic nomi-  
nation. Not this year.

For pains in the chest there is  
nothing better than a flannel cloth  
saturated with Chamberlain's Pain  
Balm and bound on over the seat of  
pain. It will produce a counter irri-  
tation without blistering, and is not  
so disagreeable as mustard; in fact is  
much superior to any plaster on ac-  
count of its pain-relieving qualities.  
If used in time it will prevent pneu-  
monia. 50 cent bottles for sale at  
the Palace Drug Store.

In a letter from T. V. Newell, writ-  
ten at Tustin City, California, he says  
that it is impossible for him to find  
anything except the climate which  
would remind him of California in an  
early day. The transformation from  
stock ranches to cities and cultivated  
orchards has been complete. The cli-  
mate is grand, the weather like June  
in Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Newell  
are settled at Tustin City for their  
winter's visit, and are more than  
pleased with it.

"In buying a cough medicine for  
children," says H. A. Walker, a  
prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah,  
"never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's  
Cough Remedy. There is no danger  
from it and relief is always sure to  
follow. I particularly recommend  
Chamberlain's because I have found  
it to be safe and reliable. It is in-  
tended especially for colds, croup and  
whooping cough." 50 cent bottles  
for sale at the Palace Drug Store.

John Snyder was at three lakes  
and Eagle River this week.

W. D. Joslin was down to Waupaca  
county last week after some good  
driving horses.

Next Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 17,  
St. Augustine's Guild will meet with  
Miss Mabel Bronson.

The Experience meeting will be held  
in the Congregational church next  
Wednesday evening.

Dave Vaughn was in the city yester-  
day on his way home from the  
first attempt of anybody to get just-  
ice at Eagle River. He was up there  
to court.

Wixon & Bronson have bought the  
Olson & Micheljohn stock of two mil-  
lion and will car it out. Clyde Bron-  
son goes on the road the latter part  
of the month.

It's just as easy to try One Minute  
Cough Cure as any thing else. It's  
easier to cure a severe cold or cough  
with it. Let your next purchase for  
a cough be One Minute Cough Cure.  
Better medicine; better result; better  
try it. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co. \*

The celebrated English basso, Mr.  
John C. Lince, has just been engaged  
for the "Ole Olson" company. Mr.  
Lince was especially engaged during  
the summer in the grand production  
of "America" at the Auditorium.  
The gentlemen will render a number  
of beautiful songs during the evening.

De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cleans-  
es, purifies and heals. It was made  
for that purpose. Use it for burns,  
cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of  
all descriptions and if you have piles  
use it for them. Sold by J. J. Reardon  
& Co.

Edwin Cogley is playing the title  
role in "Ole Olson" this season and  
has made a great hit in the character.  
During the past summer Mr. Cogley  
made a deep study of the Swedish  
character. The result of his efforts  
are apparent in the gentleman's  
makeup and dialect. He is also a  
singer of ability.

"Discovered at last, or the secret of  
the Felt Shoe," is a story which is in-  
teresting to all who love feet and  
stay in this country from now until  
spring. You can hear it, in all its de-  
tails, by calling at Beers' clothing  
store.

Perhaps never in the history of  
modern journalism has any news-  
paper gained so rapidly in public  
favor as the Chicago Inter Ocean.  
Within the past two years it has, by  
adopting progressive methods and  
injecting push and enterprise in all its  
departments forced itself into the  
very front rank of great Chicago  
newspapers. That this popularity  
is deserved is beyond question. The  
publisher during this time, Mr. H. H.  
Kohlsaat, has spared neither expense  
nor effort to attain his ideal—and he  
has succeeded.

Uncompromisingly Republican on  
all National issues. The Inter Ocean  
does battle for what it believes to be  
the true faith in a manner that at  
once commands the attention of the  
public and respect of all. It can be  
recommended to those who desire a  
clean, reliable, enterprising metropol-  
itan family newspaper.

At a meeting of Directors of the  
Merchants State Bank Tuesday eve-  
ning, E. O. Brown tendered his resig-  
nation as cashier of the Bank, the  
same to take effect on February 1st.  
The many other interests of Mr.  
Brown demand so much of his time,  
and the fact that he could leave the  
office without any change in the con-  
duct of the institution, led him to  
offer his resignation. He will con-  
tinue to lend his counsel and some of  
his time to the Bank. The directors  
chose M. H. Raymond to fill the  
vacancy. Mr. Raymond has been  
identified with the Merchants State  
Bank ever since it started, as E. O.  
Brown's assistant. He has filled the  
position of cashier practically for  
some time, and although he succeeds  
one of the most successful and  
popular financiers and business men  
in this section, we have no hesitancy  
in saying that he will meet all the ex-  
acting requirements of the place  
in a manner which will be entire-  
ly satisfactory to the stock-  
holders and customers of the  
Bank. Like his predecessor, he is  
at once thorough, methodical,  
firm, but accommodating in every  
business transaction that he engages  
in. No one is more popular among  
all classes, and inasmuch as Mr.  
Brown insisted on retiring, we con-  
gratulate both the bank and Harry  
on the directors choice of a successor.

Lay Sermons.  
"Then gently lean your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman,  
Though both may gang a kumie wrang,  
To step aside is human." Burns.

According to St. Paul, charity is  
the open sesame of the Pearly Gates.  
Without it the highest flier on earth  
is only as "sounding brass or a tink-  
ling cymbal." There is use for such  
muscle in Paradise. A man must get  
nearer the King of the true metal  
than that if he ever expects to get  
behind the scenes in glory. Of course  
you understand that the exegesis of  
charity here is love. It isn't cash  
charity. The other side of Jordan  
would be full of whitewashed christi-  
ans if money could buy the passage.  
If men could put their hands in their  
pockets and pay their fare, the beau-  
tiful shore in the sweet by and by  
would hold a more incongruous popu-  
lation than even this unregenerate  
earth. But this kind of charity goes  
deeper than the pocket. The million-  
aire has no claim on anything beyond  
this life. Of course he can get there  
if he will. But he must be willing to  
travel second or even third class if  
necessary. We are not among those  
who derry wealth or its owners.  
Only demagogues and fanatics do  
that. But the illustration of the  
camel and the needle's eye means  
something. It does not mean that  
because a man is rich he must there-  
fore stay out in the dark. But it  
does mean that wealth breeds self-  
indulgence, and that the rich man is  
too often incased in a shell of selfish-  
ness so thick that nothing short of a  
moral earthquake or a financial re-  
volution can break it.

Men of wealth are the Lord's al-  
moners. But what benefit if they  
"give all their goods to feed the poor  
and have not charity?" How many  
rich men are there who give in the  
right spirit? How many who give  
with love to the receiver? How  
many give only under stress of moral  
compulsion? How many who with  
one hand extend their alms and with  
the other hold their aristocratic nose  
when the pauper comes "betwixt the  
wind and their nobility?" Here is  
one thing you can make a note of  
and find it confirmed when your bal-  
ance sheet is made up on the other  
shore—The widow's mite will secure  
a reserved seat while the donor of  
a million dollars may find himself in  
the rear row of the gallery. The test  
is how, not what; quality not  
quantity.

The same is true of all human con-  
ditions and relations. It is strange  
that men will overlook the most ob-  
vious truths. There are many people  
who do not live in glass houses and  
yet should be careful about throwing  
stones. This question of love to  
man is no subtlety of ethics or the-  
ology. It is not only demonstrable  
but has received its demonstration  
in millions of devoted lives. Those  
who cannot see are those who will  
not. There are persons who concede  
the fatherhood of God yet deny the  
brotherhood of man. Such men are  
moral travesties, modern Peters deny-  
ing their Master, mere wanderers  
on the border land of common sense.

Heaven has prizes for us all. They  
are not offered to the highest bidder,  
to the most devoted churchman, or  
to the man who ostentatiously en-  
acts the "worm of the dust." They  
are for those who, rich or poor, high  
or low, wise or simple, give to the  
world's work "what was meant for  
mankind." The theory simply is  
that mankind is one family, the world  
one neighborhood, and every man  
our neighbor. That is true religion.  
That is the charity St. Paul spoke of.  
That is the love which makes the  
true christian cosmopolitan in his  
sympathies. This charity is a great  
revolutionizer. There is no nature  
so good it cannot be made better,  
no evil so deep it cannot regenerate.  
None of us can afford to do without it.  
Its magic is divine, its power re-  
sistless. It will give sincerity to  
hypocrites, confidence to jealous  
wives, generosity to misers, common  
sense to bigots, honesty to pick-  
pockets and sympathy to lawyers.  
There is no transformation short of  
miracle that it will not produce. It  
is the only hope of the world's re-  
formation. It is the corner stone of  
every true moral system, the key to  
the principal arch of every christian  
temple. Without it mankind would  
relapse into that barbarous condition  
which insures only the survival of the  
strongest; with it, as the golden rule  
of conduct, man shall accomplish his  
high destiny, and the reign of "peace  
on earth, good will to men" shall be-  
come universal. So mote it be.

Choice roll dairy butter, fresh eggs,  
cream puffs and Boston brown bread  
at Keeble's bakery.

A Modern Romance.  
(printed With Apologies to all the Magazines.)

Ethel sat in the gloaming. The  
fire, in the \$300 fireplace, threw its  
weird and fitful light upon the rich  
carpet (which cost not less than \$4 a  
yard). The electric light had not  
yet been turned on, to shed its soft  
and mellow radiance through the ex-  
pensive fixtures.

Seated in rich crimson chair, which  
cost \$25 at assignee's sale, and robed  
in a Watteau gown worth \$75, with  
\$6 slippers peeping out beneath her  
dress, Ethel pondered. Seated thus  
in her pretty boudoir, just in front of  
a full length, \$100, French plate, be-  
veiled mirror, which reflected her beau-  
tiful face and form, she glanced up at  
the costly brie-a-brac on the mantel  
and her eyes rested upon the \$50,  
Onyx clock, and, as she thought of  
erstwhile happy hours, she remem-  
bered, with a pang, that Augustus  
had not called for two evenings.  
What could it mean? Why this cruel  
neglect? Bitter tears almost forced  
themselves through her half closed  
lids and almost fell upon the \$5 lace  
handkerchief which she held in her  
hand. Could it be that "Gus" had  
taken to himself the remark she had  
made night before last, when she de-  
fined a duke as "a young man who  
owns six neckties and one pair of  
socks?" Or was his cold neglect due  
to the fact that she had danced with  
Reeves Van Alstyne, whose collar  
was at least an inch higher than his,  
and whose necktie was proportion-  
ately more gaudy? She arose im-  
patiently and paced to and fro in her  
unrest. The Watteau pleat and long  
train of her dress, (\$3 a yard at the  
very least), making a soft frill from  
the rich carpet and big \$30 rug as she  
walked.

Pride and love are struggling with-  
in her. She must see Augustus.  
Nothing shall come between them.  
He shall know all. Not even maid-  
only modesty shall separate her from  
the object of her affection. She flies  
to her \$75 escritoire, seizes her \$7.50  
gold pen and dipping it in her \$10,  
cut glass inkstand, writes on a sheet  
of her \$25 a box stationery:

"Come to me at once. This sus-  
pense most end. Ethel."  
Then she quietly retired to her \$40  
bed and drew up the \$20 a pair blank-  
ets, and gentle sleep soon settled on  
her snowy lids.

Augustus Armand is at this hour,  
engaged in playing a game of pool,  
and bottle pool at that, in one of the  
fashionable billiard saloons of the  
city. He wears clothes of the most  
fashionable cut and also a dejected  
air. His usual gaiety is gone. He  
handles his cue in a listless and care-  
less way. His evident lack of inter-  
est in the game is noticed by his  
companions who rally him upon his  
low spirits.

He has already drank several  
glasses of ginger ale and smoked  
three cigarettes. He has laid aside  
his fur coat (for which he was to pay  
\$100), which he now puts on over his  
evening suit (charged at \$50), adjusts  
his \$75 diamond (charged) in his \$2.50  
necktie, which encircles a collar of  
the highest kind, both as to price and  
altitude, and leaves the scene of his  
dissipation with disgust.

"I see I'm not in it," he mutters  
hoarsely to himself, as he arrives at  
his room and throws himself into a  
large and costly chair and lights  
another cigarette, and looks up at  
the \$25 ebony clock, "that duck with  
the high collar and the latest thing  
in neckties has knocked me out,"

he sadly murmurs, as he knocks the  
ashes of his cigarette into a hand  
painted spittoon, price \$7 at a bar-  
gain. "She's dead stuck on that guy  
and I'm queer!" he says aloud as he  
looks down at his \$4 slippers and ad-  
justs the collar of his \$17 smoking  
jacket.

"Guess I'll make one more bluff  
anyhow, and if she gives me the G. I.  
then I'll quit her, cold," he says as he  
suddenly opened a \$10 album, lying  
on the \$25 center table, which con-  
tains her picture.

"By the great horn spoons! I'll  
write to her," he exclaims, and sel-  
ing his 15 dollar fountain pen, he  
scrawls upon the back of a \$2 a doz-  
en visiting card these words:

"Ethel—I can't stand this racket.  
I'm all broke up. See! I'm going to  
call on you and ask you to give me a  
new deal, and one that's on the  
square. Gies."  
And so, on the next evening he  
called. As the servant admitted him  
to the hall, and he placed his \$5 silk  
umbrella in the \$50 hall rack, and  
laid his fur coat aside (same \$100 fur  
coat he had on before), he felt his  
heart throbbing against his \$12 silk  
vest which contained his \$150 watch.  
He walked timidly across the \$3 a  
yard hall carpet and stood for a  
moment hesitating in the door of the  
drawing room and glanced around.  
There, clad in a fairy silken cos-  
tume that cost not less than \$100 at  
hard times prices, stood Ethel, gaz-  
ing pensively at the \$250 diamond  
ring on her finger. An hostess there  
she looked shyly up at him and a  
blush spread over her delicate face  
and down to the \$175 necklace which  
encircled her milk white throat, and  
she murmured, "Oh this, I was just  
thinking about you."

Gus parted the flaps of his long-  
away and listlessly sank upon the  
flowered sofa. His mind was on the  
game of bottle pool. He was now,  
in his reverie, just about to make the  
final stroke of his cue which would  
cost his hated rival 35 cents, when  
Ethel came to his side.

"Was you thinking of me, Augus-  
tus," she whispered. "No, I was  
thinking of something," he said hur-  
riedly.

And the engagement was broken  
forever and a day.

A liberal discount on everything  
bought of J. W. Berry.

For Rent.—Four room cottage,  
opposite Catholic church. Inquire of  
E. E. Parker.

A ladies gold watch was lost some  
where about the business part of the  
city Tuesday. Finder will be liberally  
rewarded by returning same to this  
office.

Lumber shipments out of the Wis-  
consin valley have not been so light  
for five years as they were during  
the past thirty days. A car a day  
for a firm has been a good average.

Burns are absolutely painless when  
De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is promp-  
tly applied. This statement is true.  
A perfect remedy for skin diseases,  
chapped hands and lips, and never  
fails to cure piles. Sold by J. J. Rear-  
don & Co.

Miss Olive Martin, a young and  
beautiful actress, is the leading lady  
of the "Ole Olson" company this  
season. Miss Martin is a native of  
California and is considered one of the  
handsomest women on the American  
stage. Although she has had but  
four years experience Miss Martin  
possesses the true spirit of dramatic  
art, and her advancement has been  
rapid. Her rendition of "Mrs. Jordan"  
is entirely satisfactory, both to the  
management as well as to the public.

The competitive examination of  
applicants for a West Point Cadet-  
ship, which took place at Antigo last  
Friday, resulted as the New North  
expected and hoped that it would.  
That is a Rhinelander boy won.  
Thomas Curran had the highest gen-  
eral average and will be recommended  
by Congressman Lynch. March 1st  
the candidate goes to Fort Sheridan,  
near Chicago, where he is submitted  
to the final examination by a board  
of army officers and if he passes this,  
he becomes a full-fledged Cadet.  
Thomas Curran will pass all right  
and he will be the first West Point  
Cadet that the Ninth Congressional  
District has ever had.

American literature and the litera-  
ture of America, are two different  
things. Alfred Wise, in an article  
entitled "Pioneers of Literature in  
America. From Capt. John Smith  
to Edgar Allen Poe," which appears  
in Home and Country for January,  
makes this plain. The native Indian  
aside, there were no Americans in  
America when the Pilgrim Fathers  
landed at Plymouth Rock. The  
American writer was of later growth,  
and American literature in the pro-  
duct of Anglo-Saxon blood and brain  
and brawn, Americanized after cen-  
turies. It lends the world in variety  
and forceful expression. It is free  
from homage to the king.

Mr. Wise has written an article  
from which the foregoing is a brief  
extract, that is worthy careful per-  
usal by the students of American his-  
tory, and at the same time it will  
interest the general reader.

Thomas Loughlin, county clerk of  
Vilas county, was in town last Sat-  
urday. He says the people at Eagle  
River have made a great deal of un-  
necessary complaint about the  
board's actions, and that the one on  
which they made the most fuss—that  
of the tax equalization—there was no  
possible excuse for Eagle River's com-  
plaint. The valuations were fixed  
according to a land inspection which  
had cost \$30,000, and which had been  
used in making assessments ever since  
it was made. For the first time in  
their lives Eagle River wanted the  
valuations determined in some other  
manner. As in this tax matter, so it  
is, Tom says, in the new town of  
Arbitvite. Eagle shouldn't kick. The  
town of Minoqua is the poorest of  
the three, and Eagle's not being able  
to have every thing her own way is  
what she is kicking about in reality.

Team For Sale  
A well matched, good looking black  
team will be sold at a reasonable fig-  
ure. Inquire of the Lewis Hard-  
ware Co.

Letter List.  
The following is a list of letters re-  
maining in the postoffice at Rhine-  
lander, Wis., for the week ending  
Jany. 10, 1894.

Adolfson E.	Brown Louis.
Bauer John.	Collins Homer.
Becher John.	Derosha Charles.
Evans Fanny.	Elliff Feebey.
Evans John.	Hoffen Aguste.
Harbes J. R.	Huosten Leele.
Johnson Lena.	Kelly Steve.
May T. J.	Mc Namara Tom.
Nordstrom Mr.	Oliver Charles.
Persson Maria.	Pettseley W. C.
Stoel Harry.	Szrennat Michael.
Turner Chas. 2.	Uhuann Guste.
Wilcox H. E.	Andersod Mat.
Svenson J. A.	Mc Dougal A. D.

When calling for the above say  
"advertised."

D. S. Johnson, P. M.

## Spafford & Cole.

When the store reaches  
a turning point in season goods  
our practice has always been  
to unload at largely reduced  
prices. We have more goods  
that are saleable only in cold  
weather than we ought to  
have. Such as Plush Cloaks,  
Cloths, plain and fur trimmed,  
Jackets, Elegant beaver and  
Llama wool Shawls, Muffs and  
Furs in sets, Women's felt  
Shoes and Slippers, Men's  
and Boys' Overcoats, Men's  
Chinchilla coats and vests,  
Men's and boys' heavy suits,  
suitable for winter wear, Men's  
and Boys' Plush and Cloth  
Caps and Men's Heavy  
Underwear are goods which  
we are selling for what they  
cost us. If you can use any  
of them they are very cheap.  
Our only object in selling them  
at cost is that we need money  
more than we need the goods.

Besides this we have re-  
duced prices on all our shoes  
and overshoes. We have lines  
which we are closing out at  
cost. Do not forget that we  
sell the celebrated McClure  
Shoe, the best shoe for fit and  
wear made.

We are still headquarters  
for everything to eat.



We received a very nice  
letter from Mr. Pillsbury, com-  
plimenting us on our large  
sales of "Pillsbury's Best"  
which had increased from 196  
bbls. in 1892, to 573 bbls. in  
1893. They all bow to "Pills-  
bury's Best."

If you want hardware  
cheap you can buy of us cheap-  
er than anywhere else.

Don't forget the No. or  
place.

## Spafford & Cole.

## A WINTER RACE.

An Iceboat Adventure on the Susquehanna River.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon in December. On the river shore, in front of the little village of Port Trevorton, were assembled nearly a score of men and boys. The latter were largely in the majority, and they were as noisy as most boys are. There was some excitement for the race between the rival iceboats. The finishing touches had been put to them only that morning. Very fascinating they looked, with their fluttering white sails and polished runners, as they rested on the glassy ice behind a jutting promontory of rocks and timber. They were alike in size and construction. Each had a movable runner behind, worked by an ordinary tiller. Each was fitted with a scoop mainsail and jib. The Alfratta belonged to Andy Clayton and Frank Snyder; the Elf to Phil Wardle and Jack Salyard.

The four lads were chatting together in low tones, and paying no heed to the impatient shouting of the crowd. The advisability of postponing the race was the subject of their conversation. Andy wanted to wait until the next day. Phil and Jack vehemently opposed this, and Frank was inclined to side with them. Andy was less rash and impetuous than his companions. He was not a coward, as the others well knew. But he had a streak of caution in his nature, and he hesitated to incur needless peril for the sake of racing his rival's iceboat.

The danger was more than imaginary. Out beyond the sheltering promontory a fierce wind swept and howled down the broad, frozen surface of the Susquehanna. Here and there it lifted the white patches of snow and drove them forward in swirling, mist-like clouds. Such a gale was rarely known at this time of year. It had been blowing all day and showed no signs of abating.

"O, come," said Phil. "What's the use of putting it off for a little while?" "That makes the sport all the better," added Jack. "We can run down to Halifax like a streak."

"But it's more than a little wind," declared Andy. "It's a regular hurricane. Ten to one we won't be able to manage the boats. We'll be blown into some of the big air holes that lie between here and Halifax."

"No danger," replied Phil. "The wind ain't that strong. Jack and I can manage the Elf, I'm sure. What do you think about it, Frank?" "I'll leave it to Andy," was the reply. "As far as the air holes go, I think we can steer clear of them."

Andy shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out over the ice. "I don't want to spoil the fun," he said, "but we had better wait until to-morrow. The wind may drop or night. It will be really dangerous to race now."

"You're making a big fuss about nothing," replied Phil, half angrily. "It's a shame to disappoint every one. I guess you're afraid the Elf will beat the Alfratta in such a good wind." He turned his back on Andy, and moved toward the crowd. "There won't be any race to-day," he shouted. "Don't you hear the cyclone out on the river? Andy is afraid we'll be blown down to Chesapeake bay!"

The disappointed spectators began to hoot and jeer. Some few shook their heads wisely. Andy's face flushed. He sat down on a rock near the edge of the shore.

Avoid the confusion a plump, rosy-cheeked little lad, about nine years old, ran up to Phil and caught hold of him. This was Phil's brother, and, though there was only seven years' difference between them, Dick regarded the elder as a full-grown man, and looked up to him accordingly.

"Take me for a ride on your iceboat, Phil," he pleaded. "Just a little one. Please do."

Phil shook his head. He was not in the humor for sport. Then, seeing the shadow of disappointment on the lad's face, he relented.

"Come on, Dick," he said. "I'll give you a short spin. You mustn't ask for more."

"No, I won't," promised Dick, as he eagerly followed his brother over the ice.

Phil had no intention of going beyond the sheltering bank of rocks and trees. But his plan miscalculated, as plans often will. When the outermost verge of the promontory was eight or ten feet distant he concluded to slacken speed. Just then, as Dick would have it, his foot tripped on a projecting ridge of ice. The rudder was jerked out of his hand and he sprawled headlong. He rose to his feet as quickly as possible and started after the runaway iceboat, which was gliding slowly toward the open river. The loud outcry told him that the crowd saw and realized Dick's peril. Phil ran as he had never run before. He strained every muscle to overtake the fugitive. But he was destined to fail. Just when another stride would have seen his hand on the tiller the Elf glided beyond the promontory. Then quickly the wind lifted her sails and swung her around. Away she went at a frightful speed, spinning diagonally down the river. In almost less time than it takes to tell she was fifty yards away. Little Dick could be seen clinging to the seat, apparently helpless with fright.

At first there was wild excitement. The crowd ran out on the ice. No one knew what to do or what to suggest. Phil was the picture of despair and remorse. He started manfully after the boat, but seeing the folly of it he turned back.

"It's all my fault," he cried, hoarsely. "Poor little Dick! He didn't know what to do. He'll run into an air hole and be drowned. Save him, some one. Oh, save him!"

The appeal was answered unexpectedly. One in that half-stupefied crowd did not lose his wits. With a life at stake Andy Clayton no longer dreaded the gale. He seized the Alfratta and drove it toward the open river. Frank and Jack pleaded to go along, but per-

mission was almost roughly dealt them.

"You'll take me?" cried Phil, as he caught up with Andy by a swift rush. "No," replied Andy. "You'll make the boat too heavy. I'll go alone. That's the only chance of overtaking the Elf. Brace up, Phil. I'll do my best to save Dick."

Phil seemed determined to go in spite of this. But Andy eluded him and pushed ahead. Now he was clear of the promontory, and the next instant the Alfratta was skimming swiftly in pursuit of the Elf with Andy perched firmly on the seat.

The crowd cheered lustily and Andy turned long enough to wave his hand. Then he gave his undivided attention to the task that lay before him. That it was likely to prove a stern and difficult one he quickly realized. His conception of the wind's force had not been exaggerated. The speed of the iceboat was something fearful and he found that he had but slight control over it. At first he was content to swing along on the track of the Elf, which was more than a quarter of a mile ahead of him, and still speeding diagonally toward the opposite shore of the river. He could see Dick perched on the rear end, but could not make out what he was doing. A moment or two later there was proof to show that the little fellow had been experimenting with the sails. The Elf suddenly swung about, and slipped straight down mid-river for one hundred yards.

Then it tacked diagonally toward the Port Trevorton shore. Possibly these movements were due to the vagaries of the wind, though Andy thought otherwise. He quickly hauled on the jib and altered the Alfratta's course to that of the Elf.

His satisfaction vanished when he spied a reef of out-cropping rocks between the two boats. Their presence above the ice was due to the fact that the river had frozen when at a low stage. The barrier extended clear from mid river to the Port Trevorton shore, and the Elf had been below it when she tacked.

The only course open to Andy was to circle around the rocks, so he at once tacked toward them. But when he had reached and passed their outermost edge and was minded to tack in the opposite direction such a spurt of wind came on that the jib-sail was helpless. The Alfratta darted nearly across the remaining half of the river. Then it swung straight down stream, parallel with the shore, and at a distance from it of several hundred feet.

For a time Andy made no attempt to alter his present course. He was on one side of the river, the Elf on the other. Finally the other boat came tacking over as far as mid-stream, when it turned and kept parallel with the Alfratta. Andy was undecided what to do. He could see Dick waving his cap at him.

"If I tack across now," he reflected, "I'll likely drop behind the Elf, and be driven clear to the other shore before I can turn around. But if I fool away any time Dick may blunder into an air hole. It's a mighty awkward fix."

He hesitated a little longer, then his choice was suddenly taken out of his hands. As he glanced down the broad vista of glittering ice he saw something that made his heart leap and his blood turn cold. Half a mile ahead, in mid-river, was a great sheet of open, black water. The Elf was dashing straight toward it.

For a moment Andy was sick with despair. Then his resolve was taken. He tugged madly at the jib-sail, and to his delight the Alfratta instantly tacked outward. It sped faster and faster. The two boats were now traveling on opposite sides of a triangle. Would they meet in time, or would both find a watery grave in the vast air hole?

Andy knew that there was scarcely a chance. Yet he did not flinch in the face of almost certain death. He steered the Alfratta steadily on, determined to save Dick or perish with him.

Meanwhile the Elf encountered some rough ice and fell a little behind. This made Andy's chances brighter. The next minute was full of horror and suspense. The two iceboats rushed madly on, one headed straight for the air holes, the other striving to cross above it. Dick saw the peril now, and his shrill cries echoed far on the air. Andy waved his hand cheerily. He could see moving black specks over on the Port Trevorton shore.

Now the gap of yawning black water was just ahead. Nearer and nearer swept the Elf. Closer and closer came the Alfratta. The sides of the triangle were rapidly dwindling to a point. Andy felt his heart rising to his throat. He scanned the distance between the two boats and thought that he saw a gleam of hope.

"Dick," he shouted with all his might, "renovul up front. Be ready for me. If I miss jump off. Do you understand?"

Dick nodded. Then he quickly obeyed orders. Now the critical moment was at hand. At a distance of only twenty feet from the brink of the air-hole the Alfratta dashed obliquely across the bow of the Elf. There was a crash and a quiver, and that quickly, Andy snatched little Dick and dragged him from his place of peril.

The Elf swung about, and ground swiftly on. She plunged into the black water, and was sucked down by the swift current. The sails floated for a moment and then disappeared.

The Alfratta barely cleared the furthest edge of the air-hole. She tacked rapidly across the river with her double burden, and five minutes after she ground safely on the Port Trevorton shore, a mile and a half below the village. Most of the crowd were on the spot, having run swiftly along the bank. There was great cheering and applause, and Andy blushed to find himself a hero. Phil burst into tears when little Dick jumped into his arms. Later on he begged Andy's forgiveness, as did also Jack and Frank.

"There's nothing to forgive," said Andy. "I'm only sorry the Elf is lost. We can't have that race now."—Chicago Tribune.

## PITH AND POINT.

"You may trim me mustache, av," said Gilly to the barber. "Yes, sir," replied the latter. "Did you bring it with you?"—Brooklyn Life.

—Editor—"Always write your jokes on the thinnest paper you can get." Young Humorist—"Why?" Editor—"So I can see through them."

—Young Callow—"I expect to start for London and Paris to-morrow. Can I do anything for you?" Prunella—"Yes; to be sure not to miss your steamer."—Life's Calendar.

—Hicks—"Cold in death." Do you think that a good expression?" Wicks—"It depends a good deal upon the kind of a life which has been led by the deceased."—Boston Transcript.

—At the Salon—"Can you tell me what that picture represents?" "That is Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her?" "Never in my life. I so seldom read the papers."—L'Intransigeant.

—"Don't put yer min' too much on outward decorations," said Uncle Eben. "Hit an bettah ter hab er cabbage undah yoh waistcoat dan er chrysanthemum in yer button-hole."—Washington Star.

—Matrimonial Advertisement.—"A lady, young, pretty, bright and poor, desires to make the acquaintance of a man with the opposite qualities, with a view to a happy marriage."—Fliegende Blätter.

—"What is your line of business?" whispered the editor to a man he was about to introduce to northern capitalists. "I handle furniture," huskily came the reply. "Here, gentlemen," continued the editor, "is Mr. Jones, one of the moving spirits of our city."—Atlanta Constitution.

—Eggs—"In this story there is a strange inconsistency. In one place the author says his heroine is all heart, and a little further on he says her heart was in her boots. That is simply ridiculous." Fogg—"You forgot that the heroine is from Chicago."—Boston Transcript.

—Slow—Mrs. Litehead wanted Mr. L. to do something or other and he was still hesitating. "Well," she said, "what are you going to do?" "I haven't made up my mind yet." "Well, I declare, she exclaimed, "it takes you an extremely long time to make up a very small thing."—Detroit Free Press.

—A book agent went into a barber shop and asked the proprietor if he could sell him an encyclopedia. "What's dat?" asked the tonsorial artist. "It is a book that contains information on every subject in the world." Victim in the chair says feebly: "He doesn't need it."—Texas Sittings.

—An Exact Office Boy—Visitor (entering outer office)—"Is Mr. Jones at home?" Office Boy (politely)—"Yes, sir." Visitor—"Can I see him?" Office Boy—"I suppose so, sir." Visitor (starting for inner office)—"Where? In here?" Office Boy (innocently)—"No, sir; his home is in Hamtramck."—Detroit Free Press.

—Lawyer—"You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?" Witness—"Oh, nothing of consequence; a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says." Lawyer—"Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned, and can testify for himself if he knows anything about the case."—Tit-Bits.

## MUSIC IN AN EMERGENCY.

Josquin Jogs the King's Memory in a Unique Manner.

When Josquin de Pres, chapelmaster to Louis XII. of France, wanted his earnings increased he did not straightway compose a gigantic symphony, a trilogy, or even a sickly sentimental ballad with an unctuous refrain—the latter a sure means to a good royalty—but he took the liberty of refreshing his master's memory with a finished but unambitious motet.

Josquin was an ecclesiastic as well as a musician, and his excellent prince had long promised him a benefice. This pledge, however, was forgotten, and Josquin, inconvenienced by the shortness of the king's memory, ventured publicly to remind him of his word. Being under command to compose a motet for the royal chapel, he selected part of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm for his subject: "Oh! think upon Thy servant as concerning Thy word"—which words he set so exquisitely and plaintively that his master took the hint and bestowed upon him the preferment.

Josquin had a keen hand. With much felicity he took advantage of the occasion and composed a hymn of gratitude to the words from the same psalm: "O Lord, Thou hast dealt graciously with Thy servant"—which it is to be hoped his majesty appreciated. An inappreciative wag would say that Josquin might more appropriately have selected the passage: "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out and known me!"—Gentleman's Magazine.

## SHE ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

A Young Woman Tells Why Women Pay Their Car Fare in Pennies.

He wanted to pay her car fare, but she said: "Oh, no! I have the change right here!"

And as his gloves were very new and rather tight, though you could never have wrong such an admission from him, she had deftly extracted five pennies from a ridiculous little purse she carried and had put them into the conductor's grimy hand before he got his fingers into his change pocket.

"Really, now! that was too bad of you," he said, and then he put the handle of his stick in his mouth and regarded with meditative eyes, that ridiculous little purse of hers.

"Oh!" he said at last. She looked at him with an attentive smile.

"Ah!" he said again. "I think—" "No!" she said, with an air of astonishment, but he did not hear.

"I think I have noticed that you ladies generally pay your car fare in pennies."

She waited. "I thought—" "Don't do it again," she murmured. "I thought I had noticed it."

He looked appealingly at her, but her smile remained expectant.

"Well?" was all she said.

"Ah," he remarked, with a weary, disappointed air, "would you mind telling me why you do it?"

There was a faint gleam in her eye as she replied:

"Oh, I really don't know exactly. I think there are several reasons. One is it is a game to give and take. Women pay their fare in pennies because the conductors give them pennies in change. You never see a conductor unloading his penny pocket upon men. A man can carry small change much better than a woman. He has a pocket specially dedicated to that purpose, whereas a woman has one purse or pocketbook for all of her money and various other things besides. Still, it is always in the woman's hand that the conductor counts out the pennies he wants to get rid of. I think (but it's a bad habit, and I wouldn't do it often if I were you) that he does it because a woman's purse is so small that an occasional penny drops out and the conductor gets it. The women give the conductors pennies on the principle of paying him back in his own coin. And the reason some men do not pay their fare in pennies is because it is too great a tax on their intellects to count out the right number."

"You don't say so?" he said. He followed her advice and did not try to think. But it wouldn't have made any difference if he had.—N. Y. Sun.

## CHICKEN LANGUAGE.

Prof. Hamerik, the Composer, Studies Them and Gives His Observations.

Prof. Asger Hamerik, director of the Peabody conservatory of music and the composer of Norse symphonies, says he has made the discovery that chickens have a language which he, by careful attention and by experiments, has partially mastered. He says: "Chickens are the greatest gossip in the world. I know they have a language, for when one is alone it will not talk at all. It may, perhaps, sing a little song to pass the time away, but it will not talk to itself. As soon, however, as it meets another the conversation will begin. My chickens have nearly all been of the Cochins China breed and I have discovered that they have acute senses of vision, hearing and taste, but they can not smell. They are peculiarly susceptible to certain colors. Red almost drives them crazy, while blue is not to their liking by any means. One day I noticed that my chickens in the back yard were in a terrible state of excitement. I accidentally found out the cause of it. There was a red curtain in the back window of a house next door and I could see them glance up at this and utter their notes of alarm. I got the lady of the house to have the curtain removed and the commotion ceased. I tried to experiment with other colors, but they did not seem to mind any but blue, and this they did not like. I found if a blue ribbon or string was tied to one chicken's leg all the rest would keep away from it."

"I have noticed that chickens can distinguish between white and colored people. For the latter they have a special aversion. Whether it is because they know by instinct that negroes are so fond of them for eating purposes or not I can not say. I once had five Cochins China pullets to which I gave the name of Pete, Pat, Pit, Pot. Pete would respond readily when her name was called, but the others would come also with the exception of Pot, who would come when I called Pit. Pete would come when I called Pit, Pat and Pot, showing that she could not distinguish closely between the vowels I, A and E short. There was such a difference between these and Pot that the latter would recognize her name as soon as called. If the consonants were transposed and I would call Top instead of Pot she would not notice."

"Crowing among roosters is a most interesting study. I have noted the crows of over one hundred roosters and I have never found two alike. The crow is nearly between twelve a. m. and twelve noon, and is from three to seven seconds in duration. Roosters begin to crow at dawn and those further eastward crow the last. It is a kind of telegraph service to one another. Generally there are seven crows given in the space of ten seconds from each other. Cocks crow a few minutes after being frightened and after eating, and I can tell almost exactly when they will begin. A rooster is by all odds the proudest thing on earth, with no exception. A human being can not compare with one in this respect."—Chicago Tribune.

## THE FOLDING BED.

An Article of Furniture That Is Very Dangerous.

It would be a good idea if some level-headed and philanthropic person would set about inventing something in the way of a folding-bed, or some attachment to that already in existence, that would prevent the frightful accidents that not infrequently occur on account of the closing up of this, for the most part, unwieldy, awkward and very badly constructed article of furniture. Between the horse-play and romping of boisterous and extremely silly young people and this instrument of death, one stands rather a poor chance for life.

The folding-bed is bad enough, in all conscience, but when it is provided over by some brainless idiot, a combination of the possibilities of which have scarcely any limit. It seems a curious state of affairs that some device can not be applied to beds that will effectively prevent their closing-up while in use. A simple rod or bolt passing from the side of the frame into the movable portion would lock it securely.

If one possesses one of these menaces of life, it would be worth while to have holes made at each side of the head and put in pegs or bolts meeting the inner frame in such a way that closing-up would be absolutely out of the question.

The next thing in order would be to start a school for the instruction of such members of the human family as have not sense enough to refrain from romping and wrestling among household furniture. Disfigurements, chronic diseases, lameness for life and semi-idiotcy have been the result of blows received in such absurd amusements.—N. Y. Ledger.

## OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

New London bridge was opened in 1831. Old London bridge was a monstrosity. It dated back to the year 1167 A. D., and at least three wooden bridges are known to have occupied the same site prior to that date. The old bridge was slightly over nine hundred feet in length, and had eighteen solid stone piers, varying in thickness from twenty-five to thirty-four feet, thus confining the flow of the river to less than half its natural channel. The entire surface of the bridge was occupied by blocks of brick and stone buildings (erected on arches, with the roadway running tunnel-like beneath), some of them four stories high. All of these bridge buildings were densely packed with human beings (at one time estimated at seventeen hundred), carrying on all the trades and other vocations of life. Spanning the two center piers was a huge church building dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, but usually styled "St. Peter's of the Bridge." In very early time the arch opening from the bridge toward the city was called "Traitor's Gate," and it was no unusual thing to see the heads of a dozen executed criminals hanging over it.—St. Louis Republic.

The origin of stargazing is back no further than the year 1566 for the origin of stargazing in London. It was in that year that Mrs. Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis for their greater safety, and there professed herself a stargazer. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mrs. Plasse soon had plenty of good-paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if anyone sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of four pounds or five pounds, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a further sum of twenty shillings.—N. Y. World.

## GRIPPY DISLIKE FOR CHURCHES.

Gypsies have no religion and some of them have so strong an aversion to churches that they never pass by one without a muttered curse. In European countries they never suffer themselves to be buried in a churchyard, but, whenever allowed, they bury their dead in out-of-the-way places. This antipathy to churches and religious forms is supposed by some persons to have originated from their persecution by the priesthood in the middle ages, but, whatever its origin, it is a fixed fact.—N. Y. Sun.

## A MAIZE FROLIC.

Rural Youth—You should stay and go to a husking bee.

City Maid—What is that?

"We have a big party of young folks, and after husking the corn we have a dance."

## HOW SHE HELPED HIM.

He had been for some time trying to get his courage up to the proposing point, but had not yet succeeded. During his call one evening, the conversation turned upon fraternal insurance companies, in which he was interested.

"Tell me," said she, "can anyone become a member?"

"Any one who is acceptable," answered he; and then, a sudden thought occurring to him, he added: "You see, it is like other things; you must be accepted first, and then—"

"But, no," she shyly interrupted; "isn't it different in that if you are accepted you become a brother?"

The cards are now out.—Puck.

## MODERN PROGRAM.

She—You have been taken away in the country, haven't you?

He—Yes. Visiting some people I used to know when I was a boy.

"Particular friends?"

"Oh, no. Father and mother."—Judge.

## MURDEROUS DEVELOPMENTS.

"How times do change!" soliloquized Uncle Allen Sparks. "For instance: Year 1843—poker at the hearth—'Come in and sit down.' Year 1923—poker on the table—'Sit in and come down!'"—Chicago Tribune.

## NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Curious Things Which Are Believed by the Southern Blacks.

"Did you ever hear of 'picking up tracks'?" Congressman John Allen, of Mississippi, asked a group of southern members. It was something new to all of them.

"Well," explained Mr. Allen, "it was new to me until a short time before I left home to come here for this extraordinary session of congress. I went into the country visiting some of my people. When I got there I found great excitement prevailing. A young negro woman had been 'picking up tracks,' and it had broken up one family. Everybody was afraid. Nobody knew whose tracks might be picked up next."

"It seems the young woman had a grudge of some kind against a man and a woman. She had followed them and had picked up their tracks. Then she had gone off and buried the tracks she had picked up. She had put dog's hair with the tracks of the man and cat's hair with the tracks of the woman. After that the man and the woman couldn't live together any more than a cat and a dog could. They had separated and the whole community was in a state of uproar when I arrived. They were about to send off some thirty miles for a negro preacher. It seemed that he was gifted with the power to break the spell. One woman said she never gave the voodoo woman any chance to pick up her tracks. Whenever she saw her coming she sat right down wherever she might be and waited until the voodoo woman was out of sight."

"Picking up tracks," continued Mr. Allen, "seems to be a new idea among the negroes. You've heard of people perishing with lizards and snakes under the skin? I had a little experience with a case of that kind. A justice of the peace actually bound a man under one thousand dollars to go before court for putting lizards under the skin of another man. I had the prosecuting witness up in my room, and put him through an examination for the benefit of my fellow-lawyers. The negro had his arms tied tightly with strings. I asked him what that was for, and he said it was to keep the lizards from getting together. He actually believed he could feel the lizards moving about. After a few questions he forgot that he had the lizards confined by the bandages, and told a story that didn't agree with it. He said that whenever he ate anything he could feel the lizards coming down from his shoulders under his chest to his stomach to get their part. I put all kinds of questions to him and couldn't shake his belief in his affliction. That man died of lizards under the skin. Then it was found out that some lizards had been buried at the foot of a tree. If these buried lizards had been discovered earlier the life of the afflicted man could have been saved, but his friends didn't know where the lizards were until it was too late. That was what the negroes said."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DATING WAY BACK.

The General Got More Credit for Old Age Than He Wanted.

Old Gen. Fodewah takes great delight in being considered a back number. His wife doesn't, and whenever the general starts in to indulge in his personal reminiscences she always takes pains to express her doubts of their being veritable personal recollections.

The other evening the general was entertaining a dinner party with tales of the wonderful changes which had taken place in New York during his time.

He had spoken of the time when Grand street was out in the country, and when he used to live in Mott street and attend Columbia college, then situated in Park place, and was about to elucidate some other points of ancient local history when his wife broke in with:

"Now, Thomas! You are incorrigible. You know all these things happened before you were born! If you go on in that way you will be telling people by and by that you remember when the barge office used to be considered up-town!"

But the general's little granddaughter holds a firm and innocent belief in his powers of long-distance memory.

After her return from Sunday-school one day she climbed up on his knee and said to him:

"Oh, grandpa; you know about Peter's drawing his sword and cutting off that man's ear, don't you?"

"The ear of the servant of the high priest? Why, of course, Bessie."

"There! That's what I told my teacher! She said it happened a long time ago—before anybody living could remember. And I told her I guessed my grandpa could remember it."—N. Y. Press.

## THAT SHATTERED CONVERSATION.

"Henry," said Mrs. Hinkins, "do you think this will be a hard winter?"

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Hinkins; "freezing makes even the water hard."

And Mrs. Hinkins silently pondered on what a nice thing it is to have a smart man for a husband.—Washington Star.

## AN OFFER.

"The wall flower," remarked the philosopher, "is often the only girl in the ballroom who can cook a dinner."

"Yes," responded Miss Worldling, "and the girl who dances is the only one who can digest it."—Detroit Free Press.

## A FATAL CASE.

Tom—My tailor has agreed to make a suit of clothes for me and not charge me a cent for them.

Dick—You must have struck a snag.

Tom—Hardly; he says I'll have to pay cash.—Detroit Free Press.

## IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM.—DOCTOR.

"Excuse me, which of you gentlemen has been waiting the longest?" Tailor—"I believe I have. It is more than a year since you ordered a suit of clothes and got it, but you haven't paid me yet."—Stockholm-Tidningen.







# NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.  
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## The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

### CONGRESSIONAL.

**SENATOR FIVE (Me.)** introduced a resolution in the senate on the 31 that there should be no interference on the part of the United States government by moral influence or physical force for the restoration of Queen Liliuokalani or for the maintenance of the provisional government of the Hawaiian Islands during the pending congressional investigation. In the house Mr. Reed introduced a bill to make the expropriation of the Hawaiian Islands immediately available by issuing certificates against it and then taking the silver. A resolution was adopted setting aside Friday and Saturday next for the consideration of the Hawaiian matter. The resolutions of Representatives Flanders and Hild, of New York, were presented.

In the senate a resolution was introduced on the 31 calling on the secretary of the treasury for a statement of the sums paid Mr. Blount as commissioner to Hawaii, and the orders and how far he had been paid. In the house lack of a quorum prevented a vote on the bill. Mr. De Arment (Ile) introduced a resolution for the appointment of a special committee for the purpose of investigating the feasibility of removing the capital and locating a site. The senate was not in session on the 31st. In the house rules were reported to govern the debate, but in the absence of a quorum the debate was postponed.

### DOMESTIC.

The total number of post offices in operation in the United States is 65,806.

A NEGRO and his three sons were whipped with hickory switches by masked men at Waco, Tex., for maiming live stock.

The total number of murders committed in the United States in 1893 was 5,615, against 5,791 in 1892. The number of legal executions in 1893 was 126, against 107 in 1892, and the lynchings numbered 230.

A DYNAMITE petard was exploded outside the parliament house at Athens, Greece, doing great damage to property.

AFTER twenty-three years of silence, caused by terror, Mrs. Kuerli, living near Valparaiso, Ind., recovered her speech.

The output of iron ore in the Lake Superior region in 1893 was 6,135,000 tons, against 9,074,293 tons the previous year.

So FAR as reported 6,985 lives were lost on the ocean and 215 on the lakes and rivers of this country in 1893, against 8,846 in 1892.

The loss of life by railroad disasters in the United States in 1893 was 4,603, against 4,428 in 1892.

The losses by fire in the United States for the year 1893 aggregated \$188,850,040, showing a large increase as compared with the losses of 1892.

The Globe theater and several other buildings in Boston were burned, the loss being \$500,000.

While Mrs. Phoebe Johnson and John Cleaver were standing up to be married in Paterson, N. J., the woman died of heart disease.

The public debt statement issued on the 2d showed that the debt increased \$7,125,723 during the month of December. The cash balance in the treasury was \$20,375,555. The total debt, less the cash balance in the treasury, amounts to \$938,605,917.

The Montgomery Iron company of Port Kennedy, Pa., made an assignment with liabilities of \$350,000.

On complaint of his wife, Charles Kohler, a Toledo peddler, was arrested for a murder committed in 1884.

All riders who took part in the six-day bicycle race in New York have been suspended by the National Cycling association.

Most of the business portion of Red Key, Ind., was destroyed by fire.

EAST-HORNED railway shipments during 1893 amounted to 3,281,280 tons, against 3,749,650 in 1892.

The Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen had a fairly prosperous year, the value of the season's catch being placed at \$2,000,000.

The Columbus Watch company's property at Columbus, O., went into the hands of a receiver with liabilities of \$250,000; assets, \$400,000.

The amount of national bank notes outstanding December 31, 1893, was \$248,442,027.

THREE men were killed and several injured by the premature explosion of a blast in a quarry near Boston.

A GIFT of \$50,000 to be expended in the purchase of books, was made by John D. Rockefeller to the Chicago university.

The coinage executed at the United States mints during the month of December aggregated 8,714,551 pieces of the value of \$19,490,775.25.

In a collision between stock and freight trains near Linwood, Kan., three men were killed and twelve injured, two fatally.

FRANCIS T. WALTON, better known as Plunger Walton, proprietor of the Grand hotel in New York, failed for \$200,000.

The internal revenue features of the Wilson tariff bill have been agreed on by the house committee. An income tax of 2 per cent is among the provisions.

TWO HUNDRED of the unemployed at Cleveland, O., marched to the city hall and demanded that they be given work or food.

REV. DR. HOWARD was convicted at Jackson, Tenn., for using the mails for fraudulent purposes in carrying on a bogus business of securing alleged claims upon English estates for people in the United States.

The belief that only seven of the 1804 silver dollars were in existence has been an error, for the eighth one has turned up in Philadelphia.

The Children's Endowment association of Minneapolis failed for \$150,000.

DONALD KENNEDY, one of the most notorious opium smugglers in the country, was arrested at Detroit.

The fire losses in New York city in 1893 aggregated \$6,629,957, against \$5,000,000 in 1892.

THE Southern Land and Improvement company at Frankfort, Ky., went into the hands of a receiver with liabilities of \$500,000.

FIAMERS originating in an elevator destroyed \$1,800,000 worth of property in Toledo, O., and caused the loss of two lives.

E. A. NELSON, treasurer of Brunswick, Ga., who had disappeared, was said to be \$30,000 short in his accounts. The large safe of the Franklin Grove (Ill.) bank was blown open and everything of value taken. The loss was estimated at \$35,000 in cash and paper.

The wholesale drug house of T. H. Hinchman & Son in Detroit, Mich., was burned, the loss being \$150,000, and other property valued at \$100,000 was also destroyed.

A LETTER has just been returned to the La Porte (Ind.) post office from the dead letter office that was sent from La Porte by N. Weber fourteen years ago.

An earthquake shock was felt in Telluride, Col.

The United States government has just been informed that Minister Willis had written to the provisional government in Hawaii requesting that they surrender office, as the United States government had decided in favor of the restoration of the queen, and that while President Dole had promised a reply soon it was hardly expected that this would be favorable to the queen.

ALBERT J. STONE confessed judgment in Chicago for \$172,547. It was said the money was lost in building operations.

The Haynes Realty & Financial company, conducting one of the heaviest real estate businesses in St. Louis, failed for \$175,000.

The best sugar factory in Lehi, U. T., the largest in the world, finished the season with a record of having manufactured over 4,000,000 pounds.

POWDER exploded in the house of Sol Collins at Spring Creek, Mo., and Collins, his wife and four children would die.

REPRESENTATIVES of many states met in Detroit, Mich., to form a new secret labor society.

TWENTY-THREE Arabian horses from the world's fair were sold at auction in Chicago, the average price being \$300 a head.

JUDGE LONG, of Michigan, will get his pension, Commissioner Lochren deciding that his suspension was not legal.

JACK KILMER went to bed with a lighted pipe in his mouth near Tusculum, Ala., and he and two children were fatally burned.

RECEIVERS were appointed for the Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis and the Ohio Valley railway companies.

E. F. CASHMAN, the retiring treasurer of Greeley county, Neb., was said to be short \$24,000.

D. J. COSMAN and William Morrill were killed and George Keifer fatally hurt in a freight train collision at Warsaw, N. Y.

WAGWORKERS in Chicago were asked to contribute one day's pay toward relieving the distress of the poor and needy.

Mrs. MARY McGRATH, worth \$40,000 died an hour after being dug out of the rags and filth in her St. Louis home.

A STATEMENT from the treasury department puts the stock of gold money in the principal countries in the world at \$3,001,000,000, silver at \$3,931,100,000, and uncovered paper money at \$2,700,000,000.

CHEF FORD's figures show the value of the country's foreign trade for 1893 to be the greatest since 1854.

RESOLUTIONS congratulating Gov. Matthews on his stand regarding the Roby prize fights were adopted by Indiana Presbyterians.

GOLD-BEARING quartz assaying twelve ounces to the ton has been discovered at Crooked Creek, Col.

Mrs. JOSEPH WENTZ, at Miamisburg, O., drowned herself and babe while insane.

THREE were 511 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 5th, against 344 the week previous and 231 in the corresponding time in 1892.

The schooner E. F. Willard went ashore near Ipswich, Mass., and eight of the crew were drowned.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 5th aggregated \$290,800,551, against \$778,300,129 the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1893, was 25.8.

TWO THIRDS of the business district of the town of Corwith, La., was destroyed by fire.

The D. Lathrop company, Boston book publishers, made an assignment with liabilities of \$250,000.

DAN GILCHRIST (colored) was hanged at Rockingham, N. C., for the murder of his father-in-law.

ALF DAVIS, an old negro, was lynched in Lonoke county, Ark., for stealing hogs.

OFFICERS at Muncie, Ind., arrested two of a gang of counterfeiters and secured a complete outfit for making money.

CIVILIAN dispatches were received by the state department from the revenue cutter Corwin, just returned from Hawaii.

SHERIFF HOWARD, of Jacksonville, Fla., has taken a hand in the Corbett-Mitchell complication and he will stop the big fight.

WARRANTS were out for the arrest of forty Akron (O.) residents who witnessed a cock fight in a hotel.

FIVE-CENT restaurants were being established in New York city for the benefit of the suffering unemployed.

The Gutche Brewing company at Sheboygan, Wis., failed for \$100,000.

MARTIN KEVIN (colored) was hanged at Kansas City, Mo., for killing his wife on September 16, 1890.

F. DUNNY, of Peoria, Ill., who "didn't know it was loaded," shot and instantly killed John McGIVEN.

PHIL EVANS, a negro, was hanged at Bardonia, Ky., for assaulting a little girl on October 15, 1893. He confessed before he died.

The Baldwin Grain company and the Atkinson Brothers, of Oxford, Ind., made an assignment with liabilities of \$250,000.

THE total amount of tax collected in this country on beer during the year 1893 was \$31,962,743.

THOMAS and Kate Kinney, an aged couple living in Orange, Conn., were burned to death in their home.

### PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

NATHANIEL WHEELER, president of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine company, died in Bridgeport, Conn., aged 73 years.

Mrs. ANN BALDWIN, 104 years old in October, fell at Terre Haute, Ind., and broke her thigh. She could not recover.

DAVID J. WILLIAMS died at Saratoga, N. Y., at the advanced age of 103 years. His father lived to be 113 years old and his grandfather died at the age of 129 years.

The New York legislature convened at Albany.

The Mississippi and Kentucky legislatures convened for business.

WORTHINGTON C. SMITH, ex-member of congress, died at St. Albans, Vt.

ORLANDO B. POTTER, aged 70, and a member of the Forty-eighth congress, dropped dead in front of the Buckingham hotel in New York.

The Maryland legislature met at Annapolis for its biennial session.

The republicans of Pennsylvania in convention at Harrisburg nominated Galusha A. Gray, of Susquehanna, for congressman at large.

The Massachusetts legislature convened at Boston.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LYNCH, the oldest resident of Mason county, Ill., died at Decatur, aged 104.

FREDERICK THOMAS GREENHALGH was formally inaugurated governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HARRY KENNEDY, the famous song writer and ventriloquist, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

### FOREIGN.

In India 50,000 persons were said to be on the verge of starvation.

At Teneriffe, one of the islands of the Canary group, a thousand deaths from cholera have taken place.

By a vote of almost 2 to 1 the province of Ontario declared for prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor.

FRENCH police visited the homes of 10,000 supposed anarchists and made many arrests.

COSACK soldiers murdered 100 Catholics at Kroschoe Kowne, Russia.

ACCUSED of conspiracy against the government of Brazil, twelve naval cadets were shot on the plaza at Pernambuco.

ANTI-TAX rioters at Campobello, Sicily, applied the torch to mills and public buildings and a third of the town was destroyed.

At a state concert in Munich Freiherr Truchsess, formerly Bavarian minister at St. Petersburg, fell dead of apoplexy in the presence of the royal party.

WAR between Nicaragua and Honduras has begun in earnest, and the Honduras insurgent leader has established a provisional government at Copan.

SICILY has been declared in a state of siege and Gen. Mora di Liviano has been endowed with full powers.

EUROPE was storm swept, extending as far as Trieste. The suffering among the poor was terrible and many persons had been frozen to death.

ANCHURER SALVATOR, of Vienna, has perfected a gun that will fire from 430 to 480 shots a minute.

Rioters attacked the troops at Marinio, Sicily, and thirty of the mob were killed and fifty wounded.

Gen. CRESPO was reelected president of Venezuela.

### LA.

Fire at the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Destruction came to the world's fair buildings last night. The fire started in the Casino, just east of the Agricultural building and south of the peristyle. The Casino was quickly devoured, and the flames surged north on the top of the peristyle and dropping made a second line of fire along the base of the columns. The flames then sprang through the Music Hall, which corresponds, at the north end of the peristyle, to the Casino at the south.

The fire was carried by the burning brands to the promenade around the roof of manufactures and liberal arts building, almost in the center, a little to the south of the clock tower, which formed a striking center-piece in the great building. The plank walk of which the promenade was constructed furnished material for the fire.

About 10 p. m. a great iron arch gave way directly above the French wars, and falling heavily, buried them beneath the burning pile, and they were abandoned. Back of the French wars was the Japanese exhibit, and about a cluster of a crowd of scared and frantic Japanese. This, like many exhibits, had not been released from bond, and the goods could not be taken from the building.

At midnight President Higginbotham telephoned that he had been in the burning building over two hours, that the roof had fallen, but that fortunately few of the exhibits were in range of the falling embers. He estimates the loss to exhibitors by water greater than by fire, and that the total loss will not exceed \$100,000. At 2:15 a. m. the fire was completely out.

The origin of the fire is said to be revenge on the part of a couple of tramps. The solitary guard in the Music Hall says that just before the flames broke out he kicked two vagabonds out of the Music Hall and told them to find quarters elsewhere. They left in the direction of the Casino and soon after the fire broke out and soon everything on the grounds was terror and wild confusion.

Wm. Macleay, a fireman fell from the peristyle and was killed. Several others were injured.

The Casino, peristyle and music hall are not considered a loss as burning is the cheapest way to remove them.

Fifty thousand spectators witnessed the grand sight and cheered the firemen in their efforts. Among the exhibitors a committee resigned.

### BIG FRAUD REVEALED.

A Well-Known Pension Agent Charged with Robbing Uncle Sam.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 9.—United States Marshal Watts has arrested Maj. W. Howen Moore, a pension claim agent, on a warrant sworn out by Special Pension Examiner Ayres, charging him with issuing illegal pension vouchers and filing false and forged affidavits and writing in support of a pension claim. Maj. Moore served on Gen. Grant's staff in the late war and for many years was pension examiner in Washington. When Maj. Moore came to Buffalo and opened a pension office he immediately secured a large business and, it is said, received many favors in the pension bureau. During Commissioner Ramm's administration charges were preferred against Moore, but for some reason—said to be strong political influence brought to bear on the case by the major—the charges were dropped. When Commissioner Lochren took office he ordered a thorough investigation. Special Examiner Ayres has been in Buffalo six months conducting a secret examination, the result of which is Moore's arrest.

Albert Moore, Mary Hanrahan and Matilda Stock, clerks in Moore's office, were also arrested by Marshal Watts. They are charged with having made, altered, forged and counterfeited pension vouchers and willingly assisted in doing the same. All were admitted to bail.

Moore did the largest pension business in New York state, and is said to have secured since 1889 over 6,000 claims, of which at least 4,500 are fraudulent. Examiner Ayres is authority for the statement that the estimated amount which Moore has fraudulently obtained for pensioners is about \$1,000,000, and that already the government has found where \$150,000 has been fraudulently obtained for pensioners by him. Other arrests will follow early in the week, as a large number of warrants are out. Several prominent attorneys are said to be implicated with Moore and interesting developments are looked for.

### FOUR KILLED.

Fatal Disaster at the Lathin-Rand Works in Ulster County, N. Y.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 9.—The Lathin & Rand powder mill at Riffon, Ulster county, 12 miles from this city, blew up Saturday morning. Four men were killed and several badly wounded.

Six hundred and fifty kegs of powder exploded in the drying-room, and the concussion exploded 200 kegs in the canning-mill, 200 feet away. Both buildings were blown away, scarcely a plank being left behind. Gardner, Friedenburgh and Joseph Saunders, who were in the drying-room, were torn to pieces and portions of their bodies were picked up 500 yards away. Michael O'Hils, who was in the canning-mill, was burned to a crisp in a second. George Kipp, boss of the powder-makers, was crushed to death.

### MANY EARTHQUAKES.

Sixty-Five Disturbances Have Occurred in Mexico in Six Months.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 9.—The central meteorological observatory here has made its report of earthquake disturbances in Mexico during the past half year. During the last six months of 1893 there were sixty-five distinct disturbances. The most general was the one of October 30, caused by the great eruptions of the Colima volcano on the Pacific coast, and the oscillation was observed over a great extent of territory. In the district of Coyuca de Catalina the disturbance was unusually severe, wrecking buildings and doing damage to the amount of \$200,000. The earthquakes of Mexico for the most part are of a mild order, the whole half year only showing one of any serious consequence.

### MANY NEEDY VETERANS.

Pension Claimants Ask to Have Their Cases Made Special.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Commissioner Lochren is daily receiving an unprecedented number of applications to have pension claims made special by reason of the fact that the claimants are in distressed circumstances and in urgent need of help. Never before in the history of the office has there been so much suffering among old soldiers, and the commissioner is doing his utmost to relieve them. Every case that comes to his attention is made special, and if it be found that the claim is a good one, it is immediately allowed. Many cases have been taken out of their regular turn, examined and allowed within twenty-eight hours.

### DEADLY REVENGE.

A Chicago Woman Shoots Her Husband's Paramour.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Inspired by jealousy Mrs. Maud Bond, of No. 405 Wabash street, early Sunday morning shot Mrs. Mary Gardner at the latter's home 705 West Chicago avenue. Three bullets took effect and Mrs. Gardner's condition is reported by the hospital physicians as critical. Mrs. Bond said when placed under arrest that she intended to kill Mrs. Gardner because she had become estranged from her husband. The affections of her husband, she claimed, had become estranged from her ever since her acquaintance with Mrs. Gardner began and she could stand it no longer.

### SMOTHERED IN THEIR CRIB.

A Mother Had Wrapped a Blanket Too Tightly Around Her Twins.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 9.—Mary and Frank Basik, twins, 3 months old, smothered in their crib early Sunday morning. The father and mother are Poles and reside at Braddock. The babes were both awake early. The mother nursed them to sleep again and when she awoke at 7 o'clock both were dead. She had wrapped the blankets too tightly around them.

Col. Peter Sanborn died in Coontown, N. H. He was treasurer of that state from 1857 to 1871.

### TALES OF BLOODSHED.

An Illinois Farmer Kills His Son in a Quarrel.

A Burglar Murders a Michigan Man—A Ballet Dancer's Mother Shoots Her Lover Dead—Victim of White Caps in Kentucky.

### TOOK HIS SON'S LIFE.

ELGIN, Ill., Jan. 9.—Clark C. Burr shot and killed his son Charles about 6 o'clock Saturday evening at his home 3 miles southwest of Elgin. He gave himself up. At the inquest Burr testified that he had some words with Charles in the dining-room just before supper about an older son, Harry, coming to Elgin to take music lessons. Charles said Harry was able to take care of himself. "And so am I," he added. This increased the father's irritation. Burr went to an adjoining room and got a shotgun. Charles secured his revolver. The elder Burr reentered the room with his gun cocked, and says the boy, in an effort to brush the muzzle to one side, caused the gun to go off. The shot entered the boy's left eye, producing instant death.

The coroner's jury found a verdict of manslaughter and Burr was held in \$10,000 to the grand jury. His brother, Algernon Burr, whose farm adjoins, and several neighbors readily signed the bond. The Burrs have always been highly esteemed. August 10 and 17 last the barns of both Burrs, though half a mile apart, were burned. Algernon's at 11 o'clock on the 16th and Clark's at 3 the next morning. Since then Clark has not at times appeared right and the general belief of neighbors and acquaintances is that he is not wholly responsible. The dead boy was 17 years old and his father barely 52.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Jan. 9.—Leroy P. Rogers was murdered Sunday morning in his house 2 miles from Irving, Barry county, where he lived alone. A young man was seen running toward Irving early in the morning, wearing light trousers, dark overcoat and a felt hat. This is the only clue to the murderer. Rogers was 63 years old and was reputed to be wealthy. The murderer apparently visited the place for robbery and was discovered. The room was in confusion, indicating a hard struggle. In the corner was a bloody hatchet, and on the floor was Rogers with his head split open. A silver watch is all that is missing. Rogers was a pioneer of Barry county and was formerly a merchant at Irving.

HARRISBURG, Ky., Jan. 9.—About fifty whitesaps went Saturday night to the home of "Josh" Mitchell at Leesburg, 6 miles from here, and dragged him from his home. Mitchell broke away and started for the house, but his body was filled with buckshot and he fell dead on the door-sill.

Leaving Mitchell's body they next visited the home of Brock Bottoms and dragged him out and gave him fifty lashes on his back, badly lacerating the flesh. A rope was placed around his neck, but the entrance of his wife and children aroused a feeling of sympathy in the hearts of his persecutors and they relented. Several others were badly whipped and ordered to leave the country.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9.—A sensational murder occurred here Sunday afternoon. Harry G. Pool, a young man well known about town and of a well-to-do family, was shot and almost instantly killed by Mrs. Shattuck, the aged mother of Estralla Shattuck, a young and pretty chorus girl at the Tivoli opera house.

Young Pool was summoned to Miss Shattuck's home on Stevenson street Sunday morning, where the girl's mother met him and demanded that he marry Miss Shattuck at once. Pool refused and Mrs. Shattuck put a pistol to his temple and shot him dead. The woman was arrested for murder and is now a raving maniac at the city prison. The girl is also in hysterics and unable to talk.

NEVADA, Mo., Jan. 9.—A deplorable tragedy occurred at the Vernon school-house 11 miles east of this city Saturday night, Charles McEwen being shot and killed by George Castlebury. The trouble was over some remarks alleged to have been made by McEwen derogatory to Castlebury, who was paying some attention to McEwen's sister. Castlebury came in from Joplin and went to McEwen about something he had said. McEwen denied it, when Castlebury deliberately shot him. McEwen lived only a few hours, dying in agony. The family is much distressed. Castlebury escaped, but the sheriff is in hot pursuit.

LIVE OAK, Fla., Jan. 9.—H. J. Willis was shot through the heart and killed instantly by some unknown person Saturday night. His head and body were also mangled in a horrible manner and showed it to have been the work of a fiend. Considerable excitement prevails, following as it does close upon the assassination of Sheriff Pottsamer. Willis was the city poundkeeper and had gathered a large number of hogs into the pound, which had engendered considerable ill-feeling. He was guarding the pound at the time he was killed.

OAK, Fla., Jan. 9.—Ex-Sheriff Pottsamer was shot six or seven times by persons concealed under a car standing on the railroad track. Pottsamer was closing his store preparatory to going home when he was shot. There is no clew to the assassins.

### BURNED TO DEATH.

Shocking Fate of Two Helpless Belongs at New Richmond, Mich.

SAUGATUCK, Mich., Jan. 9.—Mrs. Rouse, an old lady feeble in mind and body, and her demented daughter, aged 21 years, were burned to death in their beds at New Richmond, 6 miles from here. They were alone in a small, one-story building, and it is supposed they were suffocated before they could make their escape amid the flames. When the fire was discovered by neighbors it was too late to render any assistance, although the struggling form of the girl could be seen on the bed.

### WAYS OF QUEER PEOPLE.

In marriage announcements in Spain the ages of both parties are given.

WELSH mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children.

ROMANIAN mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm.

Among the Bengalese shouting the name of the king of birds (garuda), is supposed to drive away snakes. Shouting Ram! Ram! drives ghosts away.

The husband does not buy his wife in Marite, and although there is a suggestion of a memory of marriage by capture in the details of courting and in the avoidance of the parents-in-law, she would appear to remain her father's property. When children are born the father has to buy them of his father-in-law.

### FEMININE NOTES.

ONE-SEVENTH of the land owners in Great Britain are women.

At the University of Berne there are women students of all nationalities. Three of these women came from Siberia.

THERE are thirty women registered in the post-graduate department at Yale. Last year at this time there were twenty-three. The Princess von Bismarck, it is said, is a great sufferer from that malady that knows no respect for sex, age, color, race nor previous condition of servitude—dyspepsia.

Taz crown princess of Austria has presented her bridal robes to the Church of Rosen. They have been made up into a beautiful chasuble, which has been worn at mass by the dean.







# LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER

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"Yesterday afternoon as we were seated in Eustace's tent a loud shout from his men outside brought us all upon the grounds. Great excitement was manifested by all, and repeated cheers from the front sounded strangely out of place where all but a moment before had been quiet, moody or despondent. As the men saw the colonel leave his tent they made way for us to pass toward the front, and in the distance we saw that a horseman riding furiously was the occasion of the excitement. The instant Dunbar espied him he exclaimed: 'Look! Surely I cannot be mistaken. That is Prince, but such a uniform—who can the rider be?' It was his colonel's well known horse the men had cheered so heartily, but they now stood anxiously waiting for a nearer approach to recognize the rider. "It was but a moment's suspense before, without checking his headlong speed, he stripped the rebel coat from his shoulders, threw it from him and raising the cap from his head tossed it high in the air to fall in the ditch beyond, with a full, joyous 'Hurrah!' which was answered by the most deafening cheers. We all recognized that voice. Rose sprang forward, crying 'Ralph! Ralph! my darling brother!' as he dashed into our midst flung himself from the panting horse and clasped her in his arms. "The letter still further explained that on the first night of Ralph's capture those who had charge of the prisoners encamped in a wood not many miles from Bull Run, being unable to proceed farther and confident that our army had been too greatly dispirited to rally sufficiently to regain what they had so needlessly lost. From the first Ralph was determined to escape before he reached their prison house. A guard was placed over him, who abused and insulted him in the most heartless and unnatural manner. He assumed meanwhile a weary, dispirited manner, and at last appeared to sink into the heavy sleep of great exhaustion. This after a time relaxed their vigilance, and they yielded to fatigue and whisky, which soon completely overpowered them.



A guard was placed over him.

When all was quiet and deep sleep settled down upon the captors, slowly and painfully, stiff from many blows and bruises, Ralph succeeded in dragging himself clear of the slumbering guards, passing one who had thrown cup and overcoat near where he lay in his drunken stupor. It took but a moment to disguise himself in a rebel's uniform, and greatly rejoicing to find a loaded revolver in the pocket silently passed beyond the guarded tent. Then the rash boy, remembering that he had seen a number of captured horses fastened near by as he marched to the prison tent and sure that he recognized Eustace's horse among them, delayed till he could judge by his ear of the position, then crept skillfully among the trees to the spot where they were tethered. Prince's low, welcoming whinny revealed him before Ralph, by the fitful moonlight, could be sure of his exact locality. Instantly unfastening the halter he sprang into the saddle, which remained as the master had fallen from it, and dashed fearlessly away.

Evidently the sentry was half asleep or had not distinguished the little noise he made from the stamping and restlessness of so many weary and unfed horses around him, but leaving the swamp where they were tied and passing, as he must, the tents a guard sprang forward, presenting his musket, and demanded the countersign. Not daring to use his pistol lest he should too soon rouse the sleepers within, the only answer he returned was a well directed blow, which staggered the man, giving Prince freedom to rush forward. The sentinel recovered himself immediately and fired, but with an unsteady hand. It was sufficient, however, to rouse the men, and in a few minutes he could hear the confused and fierce call to arms. Many random shots were fired, but the good steel carried the brave boy gallantly, and he was soon beyond their pursuit.

Early in the morning after this dark and perilous ride Ralph once ventured to halt at a house by the wayside and ask for a piece of bread and a cup of milk, which were given him, whether out of respect for his borrowed uniform or from a kindly heart he could not judge, and twice he stopped to give the faithful Prince a good feed of grass and draft of pure water. When at last the camp with Eustace's regimental colors flying opened on his sight, it was the happiest moment of his life.

Twice had Dunbar in the midst of a furious assault been brought face to face with Grenville. The first was but a passing glance as in the rush of battle they swept past each other. The last

was only a few moments before Eustace's fall. A rebel aimed full at him while giving an order, but in a moment a cavalry officer dashed to the soldier's side, threw up his arm by a quick movement of his sword, as if by accident, and with a sad look raised his cap to Eustace and wheeled off in an opposite direction. That officer was Jasper Grenville. Ralph had also seen him, and burning with indignation, guided only by the impulse of the moment, endeavored to reach him and in that rash attempt was surrounded and taken a prisoner.

Mr. Newton and his daughter returned to the farm, and time sped on, bringing weekly reports from absent ones and meeting out full measures of quiet enjoyment for those at home, crowning their toil with great success and more than the hoped for remuneration. The harvest had been carefully garnered, and the sales were rapid. The family were beginning to look forward to the winter as a period of less severe toil, bringing leisure for much reading, and of more value than all else, a reasonable hope that their children might be able to secure a few days for home, as the slow and seemingly sluggish efforts of the various corps and divisions to recruit would indicate there was little expectation of active service during the winter.

One cold and snowy evening the family were gathered around the cheerful fire, when without a word of warning Rose and Ralph walked in and were clasped in their parents' arms. Some minutes of joyful greeting and glad surprise passed before Lillian could gain an answer to her inquiries after her husband. Then she learned that neither Eustace nor George could be spared, as their regiment was ordered to join the army at Vicksburg, with 10 days for preparation. The brothers had urged Ralph to obtain a short furlough and accompany his sister on this visit, bearing their loving greetings, while they tarried behind to expedite arrangements.

A real home supper was prepared for the beloved guests, and while seated at the familiar board all care and anxiety was dismissed from their minds. If Lillian's heart yearned for her husband's presence and the parents missed George's thoughtful attentions, it was carefully concealed during this meal. Once more gathered in the cheerful parlors, questions flowed continually, but not so absorbingly as to prevent the parents from giving Rose's looks and words careful attention. They were soon satisfied that no corroding sorrow was preying upon their darling's peace. True, she was in many respects greatly changed. The strange, sad experience of her hospital life had given a maturity of thought and expression that was singularly contrasted with her bright, girlish face and figure. Years of home life could never have developed the strength and enthusiasm of her character as the last two months had done.

The bond between herself and twin brother was even stronger than when in their home life. No shadow of concealment ever came between them, and without words they seemed to understand each other's hearts instinctively.

When it was time to retire, Rose said: "Stay a moment longer, please. I have a few words to say before retiring."

"I know, my dear parents, you have had much anxiety on my account and many fears that I might not be able to rise above the cruel disappointment that came so suddenly upon me. I do not pretend that I have not suffered very bitterly. But it was the pain of misplaced confidence, the knowledge that what I had thought a priceless treasure was worse than dress, a thing to loathe and scorn. It takes time to banish regrets for such impoverishment, but the love so unutterably squandered can never be renewed. From the hour that Jasper Grenville joined himself to traitors against his country his power over me ceased. He is now a prisoner, taken by a scouting party in the rash attempt to obtain a clandestine interview with me. I am thankful that it did not fall to my brothers to capture him, but it is well that his efforts against our country are ended, at least for the present."

"Lillian, my sister, you look at me in sad surprise that I speak of him so coolly. You think me hard and unfeeling?" "Ah, no, Rosie! But I cannot understand how a love so strong as yours was can be so totally annihilated, even if the object prove, as Grenville has, utterly unworthy."

"Ah, dear sister! If this had been of the common order of sin or worthlessness, there might have lingered some shades of tenderness, but for the son who would trample upon his mother, the traitor who would betray and destroy his country, there can exist no feeling but entire indifference. Yes—a stronger one than that—detestation."

"And what," interrupted Ralph, "do you imagine that Grenville hoped to gain by a disguised entrance into my sister's presence? Why, to persuade her to leave us and allow the first rebel chaplain to marry them and then convey her to his southern home! Or, if she thought that was asking too much, to secure her promise to be his when the south had subdued us."

"How did you learn this?" asked his father in amazement. "When captured, he was marched close by our camp and urged his guard to procure an interview with our colonel. Eustace met him and brought back an earnest petition for one word with Rose. Suspecting Grenville imagined our sad reverses had somewhat disheartened us, and that he might also flatter himself that a sight of him would revive her love,

our little heroine consented to go with Dunbar. It was well that I was off on a scout. I could not have borne his assurance so quietly as Rose and our Eustace did."

"Well, he understands me now, my dear parents, and will never, I am sure, entertain so wild a hope again. That he suffers I do not doubt, and for the suffering, though deserved, I am sorry. But he chose this crooked path against all our entreaties and has no one to blame but himself. We will not waste this short reunion by any more words of him. I thought it best to tell you this at once that all the rest of our time might be undisturbed. One of the old good night hymns, papa, if you please, and then we will go to rest that we may be prepared for great pleasure tomorrow."

While Rose and Ralph were on their visit home Dunbar had been sent with a strong force to disperse an encampment of rebels who had stationed themselves inconveniently near our lines. He was successful in his mission, had routed them completely and taken many prisoners. During the time that this party waited about the union station they had with them many females of the baser sort, who had often been surprised in attempting to lure our men outside the lines, but great watchfulness and strict regulations had given them little encouragement.

On their way back to camp the next day, having scattered the rebels, a woman, feeble and ragged, came out from the wood near the roadside, holding a dirty rag on a stick as a flag of truce. George, who first noticed her, halted. She advanced and stood before him, earnestly gazing into his face. She could not have been more than 22 or 23 years old and must have once been handsome. Meeting no look of recognition, she dropped her eyes for a moment, then raising them again with a half despairing, half defiant look she said:

"I would speak with your colonel. I have something to say to him."

George galloped to where Dunbar rode and reported this request. The regiment halted at a sign from their commander, who rode back with George to where the figure still remained like a statue, immovable. When they reached her, the searching look which had so disturbed George was fastened on Dunbar's face and with the same result. The men gathered near with looks of wonder, mingled with suspicion, that she might be acting as a decoy to some rebel ambush. She heeded them not nor turned her eyes from Eustace's face as if to compel a recognition. He remained silent, wondering to what this would tend, till her strangely earnest gaze becoming irksome, he spoke abruptly:

"Well, woman, what do you wish? I have no time to loiter."



"Well, woman, what do you wish?"

"And do you not know me, Eustace Dunbar? Am I so changed by misery that you do not recall Estella Le Barron, or are you so proud and scornful you will not stoop to notice me in my misery and ruin?"

The men with natural delicacy fell back, for there were some among George's company who came from their home and knew of the Le Barron tragedy. "Oh, Estella! And is it thus I find you? And how came you, with all your faults, among the enemies of your country?"

"I have no country, no friends. The villain for whom I forsook both has cast me out to destruction."

"Estella," interrupted Dunbar when he saw how reckless she was of exposing her own shame, "come with us to our camp, and when I can procure you a safe and respectable shelter where you can secure kindness and friends even yet if you choose to deserve them. I can no longer remain idle here. Will you come and trust an old friend?"

"I know not where you propose taking me, but I am sick, homeless, starving—I have no choice but submission to your direction."

She was really furnishing and too feeble to walk. Eustace saw that food was given her and had her comfortably seated in an ambulance, then hastened their return to camp. To his great joy he learned that Rose and Ralph had just arrived. Rose at once assisted him to convey the wretched woman to the hospital and placed her immediately under the physician's care. The cold, hunger and exposure of the last few days had made fearful inroads upon her constitution. A fever was already upon her, and when the excitement and danger of her wanderings was over she sank under it, and there seemed little hope of her recovery.

Many days of imminent danger and severe suffering elapsed before Rose's kind and skillful nursing and the physician's unremitting attention were rewarded by any symptoms of convalescence, and then, though broken in spirit and weak as a child, her heart was apparently softened and ready to receive the good seed.

One pleasant morning, when first able to converse, she unfolded the history of her course after leaving her father's house. It was a sad and painful story, but unfortunately so common that it needs no repetition. Le Barron's supposed wealth had been Do Courtney's attraction, and the same mistaken idea of his high position, dignities and unbounded riches had lured her on to that fatal step. Love had had no voice in this wicked compact. Not until she

reached Paris and his draft on Le Barron came back protested did the fortune hunter learn the deceit that she had practiced upon him.

The stormy scene that might have been expected ensued, and then Do Courtney informed her that their marriage was all a sham, and that his wealth and titles were equally fictitious. Thus deserted by the man with whom she had fled, not for love, but for selfish ambitions, and left to bear her troubles and disappointments as best she might, her fall was rapid. The money and jewelry she had so wickedly purloined from mother and sister that terrible night she had carefully concealed from Do Courtney. For a short time it enabled her to lead a gay life, but with no protector in Paris her associations must of course have been of a class that opened the door to every kind of temptation, until at last she sank into abject ignominy and dishonor. In this condition Eustace saw and rescued her from the lowest depths of degradation.

And now, though she rallied for a few weeks, her days were numbered. The physician from the first gave no encouragement of recovery, and after a short period of comparative ease a speedy termination of her ill spent life was certain. When first compelled to realize her precarious situation, she was overwhelmed with terror and despair. The chaplain visited her daily. Under his unwearied teachings and Rose's gentle ministrations the darkness was gradually dispelled, and the hope that she, the most guilty, might find mercy through that atonement so freely offered to all, even the chief of sinners, began to comfort her.

As this hope brightened her heart yearned after friends and kindred. She had only heard vague reports of her father's death and was entirely ignorant of the condition of the other members of her family. It was a great trial to be called upon to reveal to the poor sufferer all the sorrow and shame that had overwhelmed her former home, but after her heart, so long cold and hard, was brought into a better state she would not rest until she had heard every particular. Her gratitude for the kindness that had shielded Robbie and Jennie from temptation was very touching, but Maud's perilous situation weighed heavily upon her mind. Feeling that her own reckless and unprincipled conduct from earliest childhood had led her sister into by and forbidden paths, which had now so blasted her life if not ruined her soul, she begged Eustace to seek out Maud and beseech her by her dying sister's example to seek the better life.

The Newtons, after leaving the city, had very little opportunity to hear of Maud's life. From the first she had steadfastly refused to see her little brother and sister and was even unwilling to receive any message from them, preferring, she said, that all memory of their father's family should die out of their young minds.

They now felt it important to see Maud, if possible, while Eustace was with them, and therefore, acting at once in accordance with their views of duty, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, accompanied by Eustace and Lillian, went next day to the city.

They learned from a friend that after two years of strife and bitterness, death had at last separated this miserable pair. Mr. Varney had been dead but a short time. At his marriage he settled a liberal sum upon his young wife and then made a will leaving her sole possessor of all his wealth at his death. Had she treated the foolish old man with even common kindness he was so infatuated with her beauty he would have made no change. But though she had sold herself and bartered all her hopes of happiness for riches she could not sufficiently control her loathing and contempt to secure that for which she had risked so much.

With his violent temper it took but a few short weeks to open her husband's eyes to his folly and to destroy all affection for and pride in her, and so his mandarin love turned to the bitterest hate. In his dotage he had become like some fierce animal in his anger, and her life was wretched past description. His cruelty she met by biting taunts and the most exasperating language till at length she so outraged him that for her own safety she left the house and went to reside at some fashionable resort.

Mr. Varney had long been failing, and when the excitement of her presence was over he sank rapidly. One of his last acts was to destroy the will and make a new one, by which he deprived her of everything but what she could legally claim. So when summoned to his dying bed it was to find that the palatial home with its royal furnishings, the spacious grounds and splendid equipages had passed into strangers' hands and was beyond her reach. Her bridal settlement, in itself a fortune, and rich jewelry were all she could call her own.

This will she determined to contest on the ground that Mr. Varney at the time of making it was in no condition to make a valid instrument for the disposal of his property, and that the will that he made at her marriage was still binding. As soon as her husband was buried she sought legal advice, but there was sufficient evidence to prove that he was competent to dispose of his property according to his own wishes, even if the first will had not been destroyed by his own hand before his death. Her conduct had been too widely known for any to sympathize when she was compelled to descend to a humbler but very comfortable home.

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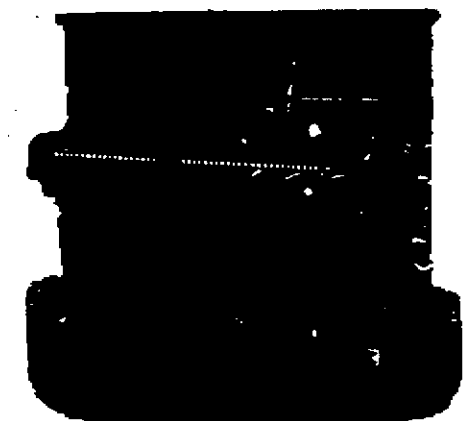
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